

THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY;

Being a COLLECTION *of*

CHOICE SONGS,

Set to the VIOLIN *and* FLUTE,

By the most Eminent MASTERS.

The Man that hath no Musick in himself,
And is not mov'd with Concord of sweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils.

Shakespear.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

L O N D O N:

Printed by and for JOHN WATTS, *at the* Printing-
Office *in* Wild-Court *near* Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

M DCC XXIX.

THE MUSEUM
OF THE
MUSEUM

OF THE
MUSEUM



TO ALL
GENTLEMEN
AND
LADIES,
LOVERS *of* MUSIC,
THIS
COLLECTION
IS HUMBLY
INSCRIB'D,

By their most Obedient Servant,

The PUBLISHER.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Project being new in the Manner of its Execution, and an Improvement upon all Collections hitherto publish'd, it is hoped it will meet with a candid Reception from the LOVERS OF MUSICK, for whose Sake it was undertaken and compil'd.

The Readers will find in these Volumes several Songs entirely new, and many other select Ones, that were never before set to Musick: And as to such as have been already publish'd single with the Tunes to them, Care has been taken that both the Poetry and Musick should be here corrected, in which Respects They were before extremely faulty.

It may not be improper to intimate here, that all those Songs which have not the FLUTE-MUSICK subjoin'd at the

ADVERTISEMENT.

End of Them, are set within the Compass of that Instrument.

The Publisher begs Leave to take Notice, that as this Miscellany has its Use, so it is calculated for the Advantage of the Buyers: A Collection of Choice Songs are here bound up together, the only Method of preserving them; and at so easie a Rate, that they will not cost the Purchasers half the Money they wou'd come to in loose Half Sheets.

As the Publisher is in great Forwardness with Two more Volumes, if any Gentlemen think fit to favour him with New Songs, directed for the Printer of this Collection, Postage-free, proper Care shall be taken to have them inserted correctly, and adapted to Musick by the best Masters.





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SCOTCH Song.

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You I love, by all that's true.

In Praise of ANNIE.

Young Annie's budding Graces



SONG



S O N G S.

The A D V I C E.

By Mr. CONCANEN. Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



The Lads, that would know how to manage a



Man, Let her listen, and learn it from me:



His Courage to quail, or his Heart to tre-



pan, As the Time and Occasions a-



gree, agree; As the Time and Occasions agree

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' small be her Wit,
 May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;
 The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
 By the Use of that pretty Word ---- *No*:
 By the Use of that pretty Word ---- *No*.

When the powder'd Toupées in Crowds round her chat,
 Each striving his Passion to show;
 With--- Kiss me, and love me, my Dear, --- and all that,
 Let her Answer be still, *No, no, no*:
 Let her Answer be still, *No, no, no*.

When a Dose is contriv'd, to lay Virtue a-sleep,
 A Present, a Treat, or a Ball;
 She still must refuse, if her Empire she'd keep,
 And, *No*, be her Answer to all.
 And, *No*, be her Answer to all.

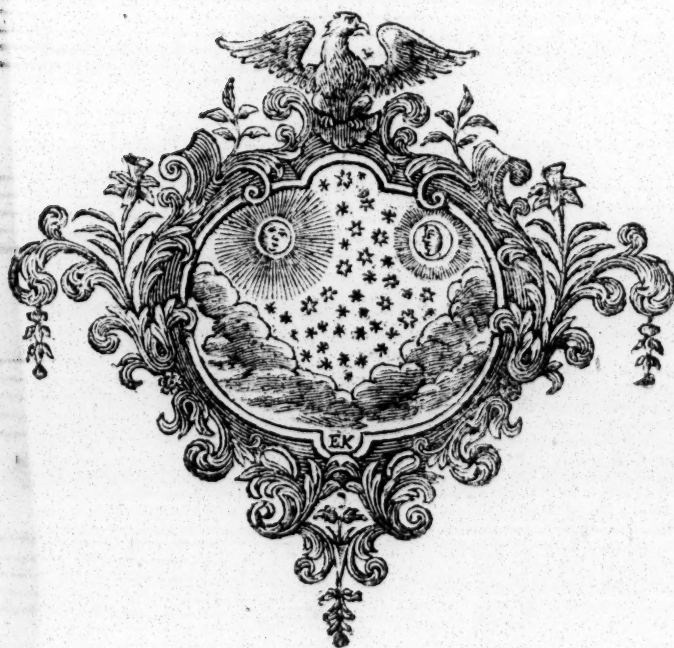
But when Master *Dapperwit* offers his Hand,
 Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
 A House, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land-----
 She's an Ideot, if then she says *No*:
 She's an Ideot, if then she says *No*.

Whene'er she's attack'd by a Youth, full of Charms,
 Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
 When press'd to his Bosom, and clasp'd in his Arms,
 Then let her say *No*, if she can:
 Then let her say *No*, if she can.

S O N G S.

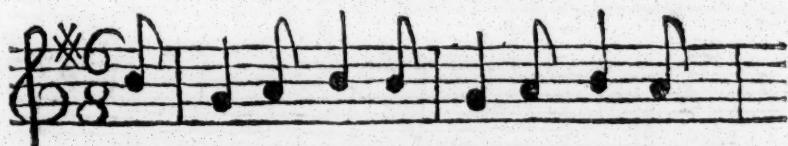
3

For the FLUTE.



LUCY and COLLIN.

By Mr. TICKEL.

Of *Leinster*, fam'd for Maidens fair, Bright*Lu--cy* was the Grace; Nor e'er did *Liffy's*

limpid Stream Reflect so sweet a Face. 'Till



luckless Love, and pi--ning Care, Impair'd her ro----sie



Hue, Her co--ral Lips, and damask Cheeks, and



Eyes of glossy Blue.

Oh, have you seen a Lilly pale,
 When beating Rains descend?
 So droop'd the flow-consuming Maid,
 Her Life now near its End.
 By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains
 Take heed, ye easy Fair:
 Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,
 Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

Three times, all in the Dead of Night,
 A Bell was heard to ring;
 And shrieking at her Window thrice,
 The Raven flap'd his Wing:
 Too well the Love-lorn Maiden knew
 The solemn boding Sound;
 And thus, in dying Words, bespoke
 The Virgins weeping round.

" I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
 " Which says, I must not stay;
 " I see a Hand you cannot see,
 " Which beckons me away.
 " By a false Heart, and broken Vows,
 " In early Youth I dye;
 " Was I to blame, because his Bride
 " Was thrice as rich as I?

" Ah, *Collin*! give not her thy Vows,
 " Vows due to me alone;
 " Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kifs,
 " Nor think him all thy own.
 " To-morrow in the Church to wed,
 " Impatient, Both prepare;
 " But know, fond Maid; and know, false Man,
 " That *Lucy* will be there.

" Then bear my Coarse, my Comerades, bear,
 " This Bridegroom blythe to meet;
 " He in his Wedding-Trim so gay,
 " I, in my Winding-Sheet.

She spoke, she dy'd; her Coarse was born,
 The Bridegroom blythe to meet;
 He in his Wedding-Trim so gay,
 She in her Winding-Sheet.

Then what were perjur'd *Collin*'s Thoughts?
 How were these Nuptials kept?
 The Bridefinen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
 And all the Village wept.
 Confusion, Shame, Remorse, Despair,
 At once his Bosom swell;
 The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

S O N G S.

7

From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more!)

The varying Crimfon fled ;

When stretch'd before her Rival's Coarse,

She saw her Husband dead.

Then to his *Lucy's* new-made Grave,

Convey'd by trembling Swains,

One Mold with her, beneath one Sod,

For ever now remains.

Oft at this Grave, the constant Hind

And plighted Maid are seen;

With Garlands gay, and True Love Knots,

They deck the sacred Green.

But, Swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,

This hallow'd Spot forbear ;

Remember *Collin's* dreadful Fate,

And fear to meet him there.

For the F L U T E.



3 3 3

B 4

A L O V E S O N G.

The Words by Mr. CONCANEN.

I love thee, by Heaven; I can----not say



more; Then set not my Passion a cool--ing;



If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee



o'er; for I'm but a Novice at Fooling.

[Deeds,
 What my Love wants in Words, it shall make up in
 Then why shou'd we waste Time in Stuff, Child?
 A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds;
 And a Word to the Wife is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known;
 But I hate all Protesting and Arguing:
 Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,
 If she made many Words to a Bargain.

I'm

S O N G S.

9

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
 Whate'er my fond Eyes have been saying ;
 Pr'ythee be thou so too, seek for no better Term,
 But e'en throw thy *Tea*, or thy *Nay* in.

I cannot bear Love, like a *Chancery-Suit*,
 The Age of a Patriarch depending ;
 Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
 Give it, one way or other, an Ending.

Long Courtship's the Vice of a Phlegmatick Fool ;
 Like the Grace of Fanatical Sinners,
 Where the Stomachs are lost, and the Victuals grow cool,
 Before Men sit down to their Dinners.

For the F L U T E.



I'm

The Way to be SAVED.

Set by Mr. N. HARM.



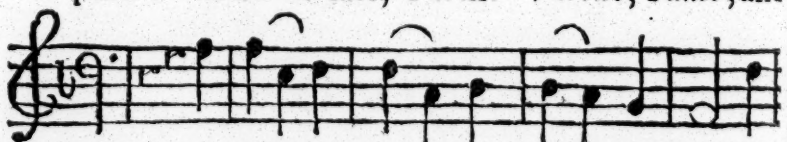
Musing on Cares of hu-mane Fate, In



a sad Cypress Grove; A strange Dis-



pute I heard of late, 'Twixt Virtue, Fame, and



Love: A pensive Shepherd ask'd Advice, And



their O-pi-nion crav'd, How he might hope to



be so wise, To get a Place be---yond the Skies,



And how he might be fav'd

Nice

S O N G S.

11

Nice *Virtue* preach'd Religion's Laws,
 Paths to eternal Rest;
 To fight his King's and Country's Cause,
Fame counsell'd him was best.
 But *Love* oppos'd their noisy Tongues,
 And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
 " Get, get a Mistress, fair and young,
 " Love fiercely, constantly and long,
 " And then thou shalt be sav'd.

Swift as a Thought, the amorous Swain
 To *Silvia's* Cottage flies;
 In soft Expressions told her plain
 The way to heav'nly Joys.
 She, who with Piety was stor'd,
 Delays no longer crav'd;
 Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd,
 She smil'd, and took him at his Word;
 And thus they both were sav'd.



Nice

*To F L O R A drest.**Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. TENOE.*

Why art thou drest, my love-ly Maid! In



Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade, When



Gold and Gems, and rich Brocade, Conceal thy



Charms, my lovely Maid! Why spend'st thou



all this Time and Care, To form thy Shape, to



fold thy Hair? Thy Shape un-brac'd, thy



flowing Hair, More beauteous are with-



out thy Care.

Would't

S O N G S.

13

Wou'd'st thou, indeed, be finely drest?
Put by this Robe which hides thy Breast:
Unbind thy Hair, and bare thy Breast,
Thou art, my Charmer! finely drest.
Remove these Vestments all away,
Which like dark Clouds obscure the Day:
O! let them not obscure thy Day:
Remove them all, my Fair! away.

Then shining forth adorn'd with Charms,
Ah! let me fold thee in my Arms!
Transported, fold thee in my Arms!
And gaze and wonder at thy Charms.

For the FLUTE.



The Parting of DELIA and DAMON.

Adieu, ye pleasant Sports and Plays, Fare-



wel each Song that was di-ver-ting; Love



tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays, I sing of



De--lia and *Damon's* Parting. Long had he

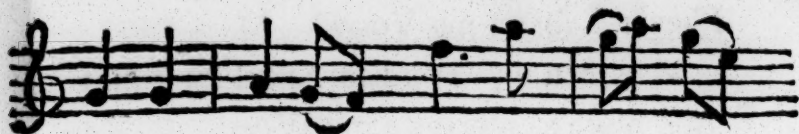


lov'd, and long con-ceal'd, The dear tor-



menting plea-sing Passion, 'Till *De--lia's*

Mild-



Mildness had pre--vail'd On him to



shew his In--cli-na-tion.

Just as the Fair One seem'd to give
 A patient Ear to his Love-Story,
Damon must his lov'd *Delia* leave,
 To go in Quest of toilsome Glory.
 Half-spoken Words hung on his Tongue,
 Their Eyes refus'd their usual Meeting;
 And Sighs supply'd their wonted Song,
 These charming Sounds were chang'd to Weeping.

Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu;
 Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me:
 While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
 No other Charms shall ever move me.
 Alas! who knows, when parted far
 From *Delia*, but you may deceive her.
 The Thought destroys my Heart with Care,
 Adieu, my Dear, I fear for ever.

If

If ever I forget my Vows,
May then my Guardian Angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my Woes,
Be you so good as to forgive me.

For the FLUTE.



The FAITHFULL LOVER.

Wou'd Fate to me *Be-lin-da* give, With her a-



lone I'd chuse to live; *Varie--ty* I'd ne'er re-



quire, Nor a grea--ter, nor a grea---ter,



nor a greater Blifs de---fire.

My charming Nymph, if you can find,
Amongst the Race of Human-kind,
A Man that loves you more than I,
I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
I'll resign you, tho' I die.

Let my *Belinda* fill my Arms,
With all her Beauties, all her Charms,
With Scorn and Pity I'd look down
On the Glories, on the Glories,
On the Glories of a Crown.



Z E L I N D A.

The Words by Mr. WELSTED.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



While in the Bow'r, with Beauty blest, The



lov'd A--minto' lies; While sinking on Ze-



linda's Breast, He fondly, fondly, kifs'd her



Eyes; He fondly, fondly, fondly, kifs'd her Eye-

A waking Nightingale, who long

Had mourn'd within the Shade,

Sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song,

And warbled, warbled, thro' the Glade;

And warbled, warbled, warbled, thro' the Glade

Melodious Songstresses, cry'd the Swain,
To Shades less happy go;
Or, if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear, forbear thy tuneful Woe:
Forbear, forbear, forbear, thy tuneful Woe.

While in *Zelinda's* Arms I lie,
To Song I am not free;
On her soft Bosom while I sigh,
I Discord, Discord, find in thee.
I Discord, Discord, Discord, find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect Joys:
Then cease thy fond Intrusion.
Be silent; Musick now is Noise,
Variety, Variety, Confusion;
Varie———ty, Confusion.



The ENTREATY.

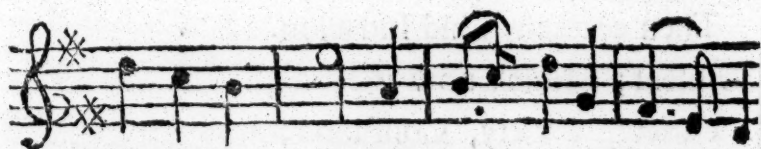
By Mr. LEVERIDGE.

*Chloe*, be wise, no more per-plex me,

Slight not my Love at such a—Rate;

Should I your Scorn return, 'twill vex you;

Love, much abus'd, will turn to Hate.



How can so lovely, fair—a Creature,



Put on the Looks of cold Disdain?



Women were first de--sign'd by Na-ture



To give a Pleasure, not a Pain.

S O N G S.

21

Kindness creates a Flame that's lasting,
 When other Charms are fled away;
 Think then the Time we now are wasting,
 Throw off those Frowns, and Love obey.

For the F L U T E.



The R E P R O A C H.

The Groves, the Plains, The Nymphs, and



Swains, The silver Streams, and cooling



Shade, All, all, de--clare How false you are,



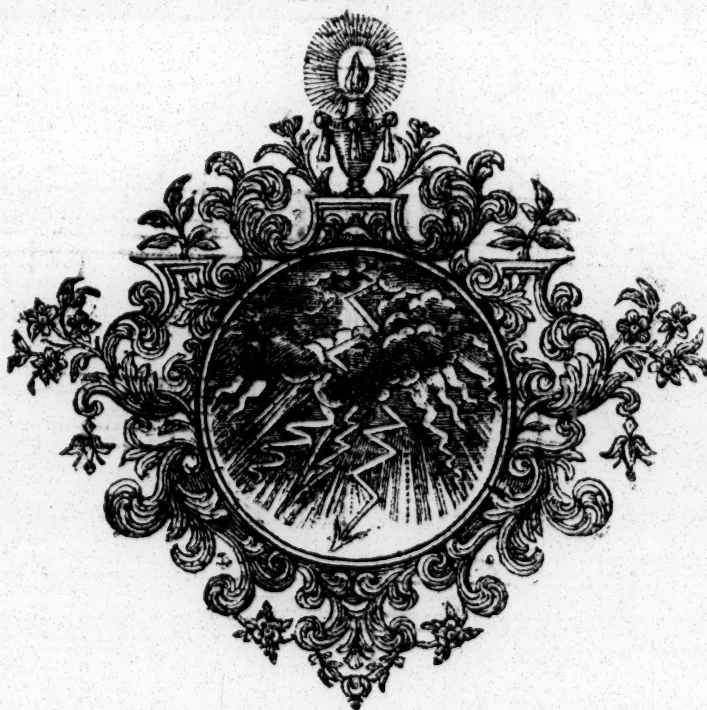
How ma-ny Hearts----you have betray'd.

Dissembler, go,
 Too well I know
 Your fatal, false, deluding Art;
 To ev'ry She,
 As well as Me,
 You make an Off'ring of your Heart.

S O N G S.

23

For the FLUTE.



*In Praise of A N N I E.**Tune, All in the Downs, &c.*Young *Annie's* budding Gra---ces claim The

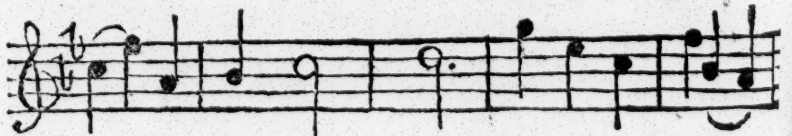
inspir'd Thought and soft---est Lays, And kindle



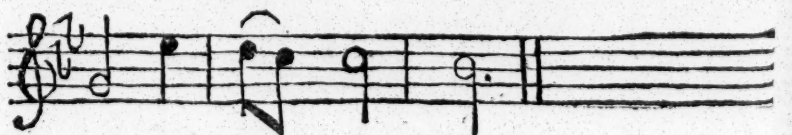
in the Breast a Flame, Which must be



vented in her Praise. Tell us, ye gentle



Shepherds, have you seen E'er One so like an



Angel tread the Green?

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
When she appears, take the Alarm:
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
Around her Eyes, and Smiles, the Graces sport;
And to her snowy Neck and Breasts resort.

But vain must every Caution prove,
When such enchanting Sweetness shines:
The wounded Swain must yield to Love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such Flames the foppish Butter-fly shou'd shun;
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
Her lovely Features are complete;
Whilst Heav'n, indulgent, makes her share
With Angels all that's wise and sweet.
These Virtues, which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

Whether she love the rural Scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy Town,
O happy He her Favour gains,
Unhappy! if She on him frown.
The Muse unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu, she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.



CELIA's COMPLAINT.



Remember, *Damon*, you did tell, In



Cha--fti--ry you lov'd me well; But



now, a--las! I am undone, And here am



left to make my Moan. *Ho ho rah in*



Am-bu-rah, *Ho and ho derry*, *Hi and*



bi derry, *Ho— derry derry derry de*



Amburab.

S O N G S.

27

To doleful Shades I will remove,
Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
Where poor forsaken Nymphs are seen,
In lonely Walks of Willow-green.

Ho ho rah, &c.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue
Such soft persuasive Language hung,
That when his Words had Silence broke,
You wou'd have thought an Angel spoke.

Ho ho rah, &c.

Too happy Nymph, whoe'er she be,
That now enjoys my charming He;
For oh! I fear it to my Cost,
Sh'as found the Heart that I have lost.

Ho ho rah, &c.

Beneath the fairest Flower on Earth
A Snake may hide, or take its Birth;
So his false Breast, — conceal it did
His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.

Ho ho rah, &c.

'Tis false, who says we happy are,
Since Men delight our Hearts t'ensnare:

In

In Man no Woman can be blest;
 Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a Jest.

Ho ho rah, &c.

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,
 Send me my *Damon*, or Relief:
 Return that wild delicious Boy,
 Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy.

Ho ho rah, &c.

But whilst I'm begging of this Bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer this;
Whom Damon has enjoy'd, he flies;
Who sees him, loves; who loves him, dies,
 Ho ho rah, &c.

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove,
 But is a Witness of my Love;
 Echo repeats my plaintive Moans,
 The Waters imitate my Groans;
 The Trees their bending Boughs recline,
 And droop their Heads, as I do mine.

Ho ho rah, &c.

S O N G S.

29

For the F L U T E.



For

The BASHFUL LOVER.The Words by Mr. *THEOBALD*.*Set by* Mr. *GALLIARD*.

On a Bank of Flow'rs, in a Summer's Day, In-



viting and un-drest, In her Bloom of Years bright

*Celia* lay, With Love and Sleep op-press'd; When a

youthful Swain with ad---mi-ring Eyes Wish'd he

durst the fair Maid fur---prize; With a *Fa, la,**la, &c.* - - - But fear'd approaching Spies.**As**

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze arose,
That fann'd her Robes aside;
And the sleeping Nymph did the Charms disclose,
Which, waking, She wou'd hide.
Then his Breath grew short, and his Pulse beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy;
With a *fa, la, la, &c.*
But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood, with her Beauties fir'd,
And blest the courteous Wind;
Then in Whispers sigh'd, and the Gods desir'd,
That *Celia* might be kind.
When with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain;
But she laugh'd loud in a Dream, and, again,
With a *fa, la, la, &c.*
Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

Yet when once Desire has inflam'd the Soul,
All modest Doubts withdraw;
And the God of Love does each Fear controul,
That wou'd the Lover awe.
Shall a Prize like this, says the vent'rous Boy,
'Scape, and I not the Means employ,
With a *fa, la, la, &c.*
To seize the proffer'd Joy?

Here

Here the glowing Youth, to relieve his Pain;
 The slumb'ring Maid carefs'd;
 And with trembling Hands (O the simple Swain!)
 Her glowing Bosom prefs'd:
 When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd, as wishing he wou'd pursue,
 With a *fa, la, la, &c.*
 But *Damon* miss'd his Cue.

Now, repenting that he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd;
 What a dull and stupid Thing was I,
 That such a Chance abus'd?
 To my Shame 'twill now on the Plains be said,
Damon a Virgin asleep betray'd,
 With a *fa, la, la, &c.*
 Yet let her go a Maid.

For the FLUTE.



S O N G S.

33

Set by Mr. N. HAYM.



Whilst Others la---bour to be great, Con-



tented with my low-----ly State, Grant me, you



Gods, Love's softer Joys, Re---mote from



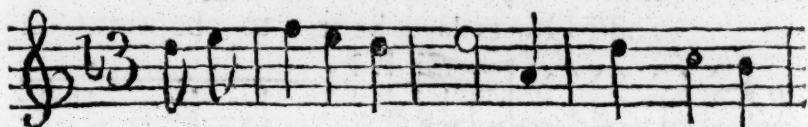
Hur—ry, Crowds and Noise.

Riches and Titles give elsewhere,
To those that think them worth their Care;
Divide, howe'er you please, the Ball;
Give me but *Flora*, I have all.

For the F L U T E.



CHANSON à BOIRE.

Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE*.

From good Liquor ne'er shrink, In Friendship we'll



drink, And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow :



Let us husband To-day, For Time flies swift a-



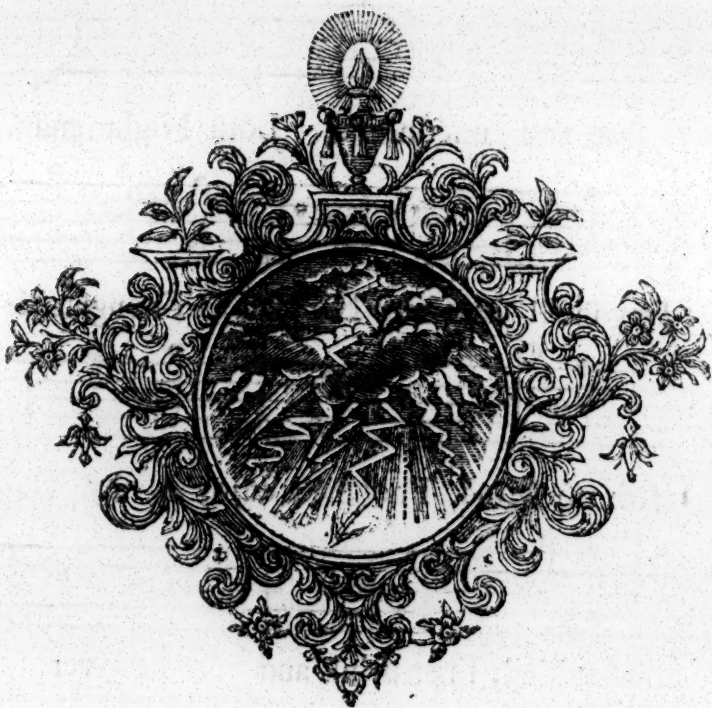
way, And no one's af-fur'd , no, no one's af-



fur'd of To-morrow.

Of all the grave Sages
 That grac'd the past Ages,
 Dad *Noah* the most did excel:
 He first planted the Vine,
 First tasted the Wine,
 And got nobly drunk, and got nobly drunk, as
 they tell. Say,

Say, why should not We
Get as bosky as He,
Since here's Liquor as well will inspire?
Thus I fill up my Glafs,
I'll see that it pass,
To the *Manes*, to the *Manes*, of that good Old
Sire.



In Praise of CLARET.

In spite of Love, at length I find A



Mistress that can please me: Her Humour



free and unconfin'd, Both Night and



Day she'll ease me: No jealous Thoughts di-



sturb my Mind, Tho' she's enjoy'd by



all Mankind; Then drink and ne---ver



spare it, 'Tis a Bot-tle of good Claret.

Chorus. *Then Drink, &c.*

lf

If you, thro' all her naked Charms,
 Her little Mouth discover,
 Then take her blushing to your Arms,
 And use her like a Lover;
 Such Liquor she'll distill from thence,
 As will transport your ravish'd Sense:
 Then kifs, and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

Chor. *Then kifs, &c.*

But best of all! she has no Tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me;
 She's fully better old than young,
 And still to Smiling fways me;
 Her Skin is smooth, Complexion black,
 And has a most delicious Smack;
 Then kifs, and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

Chor. *Then kifs, &c.*

If you her Excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
 Clap your Hand about her Waste,
 And raise her up behind, Sir;
 As for her Bottom never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out;
 Then drink, and never spare it,
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

Chor. *Then Drink, &c.*



Set by Mr. *WELDON*.*Thyrsis*, I wish as well as You, To Ho-----nour

there was Nothing due; Then might I pay my



Debt of Love, In the same Coin that you ap-



prove; Which now in Friendship you must



take, As all, all, all the Payment, As



all, all, all the Payment, As all, all, all the

Pay--ment I can make. Friendship so high, that
you



you may say, 'Tis rather Love, with some Al-



lay: Rest then contented, since that I, My self, as



well as you, de---ny: Learn then of me



bravely to bear The Loss of what you



hold most dear; And that which Ho---nour



does in me, Let my Example work on thee.



The Words by the Lord *LANSDOWN*.



While *Phillis* is drinking, Love and Wine in Al-



liance, With Forces u-ni--ted, bid re-fittless De-



fiance; By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles



higher, And her Eyes from her drinking re-

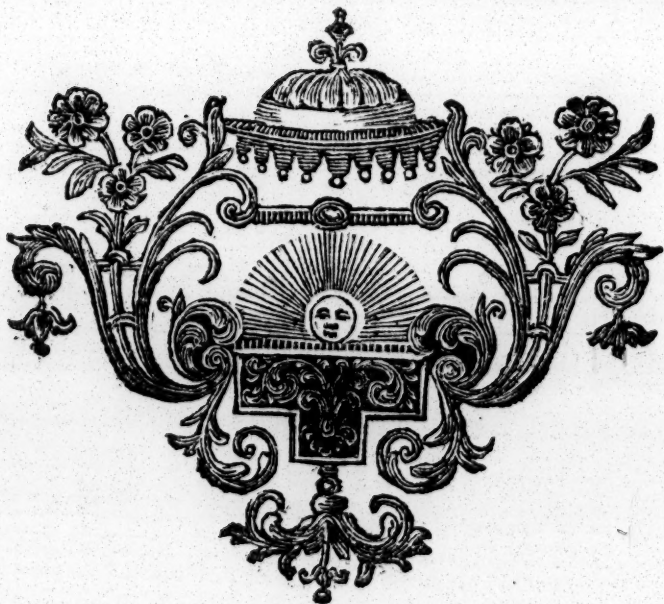


dou ————— ble, redouble their Fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;
His Dart dipt in Wine, *Love* wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Fla ——— me,
makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring;
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and Desiring;
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are e——ver, are ever
a tasting.

Then, *Phillis*, begin; let our Raptures abound;
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round:
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bot——tle, the
Bottle, to Love.



Falſe PHILANDER.

Set by Mr. GOUGE.

Farewel, thou falſe *Phi--lan-der*, Since now from

me you rove; And leave me here to wander, No



more to think of Love: I muſt for e---ver



languiſh, I muſt for e-ver mourn: From Love I



now am baniſh'd, And ſhall no more re--turn.

Farewel, deceitful Traitor,

Farewel, thou perjur'd Swain;

Let never injur'd Creature

Believe your Vows again:

The

S O N G S.

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The Passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you disdain.

For the FLUTE.



The Words by Mr. THEOBALD.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



Oft on the troubled O--cean's Face Loud stormy



Winds a--rife; The murm'ring Surges swell a-



pace, And Clouds ob--scure the Skies.



But, when the Tempest's Rage is o'er, Soft



Breezes smooth the Main; The Billows



cease to lash the Shore, And all is calm a-

gain. Not so in fond and am'rous Souls If
Tyrant



Tyrant Love once reigns, There one eternal



Tempest rous, and yields un- cea- sing Pains.



Ah, cruel God! our Peace re- store, or wound us



with thy Shafts no more: Ah, cru- el God! Ah, cruel



God! our Peace restore, Or wound us with thy



Shafts no more.



*The SOLDIER'S GLORY.*The Words by Mr. *RICH. ESTCOURT.*

Ye beauteous La-dies of this Land, Who



are so wond'rous charming fair, That



Fo-reign-ers do un-der-stand You something



more than Mortals are: I mean now to



lay be-----fore ye, All the Tale of a Soldier's

Glory, Th'At-tack-ing, and Hacking, and
Backing,



Backing, and Thwacking of *Monsieur*, And



making him prove a vain Bouncer: All



this will a Soldier do for Love.

A Beauteous Mistrefs is the Word,
That makes a Soldier draw his Sword;
The worst of Dangers he will prove,
To be endear'd with Nights of Love:
What did we our Blades unsheath for,
And so often venture Death for,
In *Brabant*, at *Bruges*, at *Brussels*, at *Ghent*,
Ostend, *Ramilly*, at *Lisle*, at *Tournay*, at *Blenheim*,
At *Doway*, *Bethune*, *St. Vincent*, and *Air*;
And many more Towns I want Breath for?
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

The valiant Soldier only dies,
When wounded by the Fair one's Eyes;
In War he may his Safety boast,
But there's no Armour against a Toast,

When

When shot by some dear Deceiver,
 Falling down into a Fever,
 His Heart, like a Drum, beats Come, come, come,
 Come to my Arms, I'm murder'd by your Charms,
 All this will a Soldier do for Love.

But glorious *Anne*, compleating all
 The Balance of this mighty Ball,
 Has doubly honour'd a Soldier's Life;
 By being a noble Soldier's Wife.
 Fair Ladies, it can't be new t'ye,
 That your Beauty spurs us to Duty.
 Admiring, desiring, Love firing,
 Inspiring the Brave too;
 Makes us defie a Grave too:
 For such a Reward has a Soldier's Life.

For the F L U T E.



S O N G S.

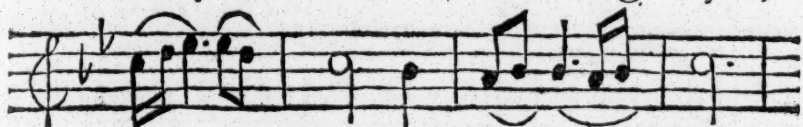
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Signior GEMINIANI'S MINUET.

The Words by Mr. BRADLEY.



Gently touch the warb--ling Lyre,



Clo---e seems inclin'd to Rest;



Fill her Soul with fond De-fire,



Soft--est Notes will footh her Breast:



Plea---sing Dreams af--fist in Love;



Let them all pro--pi--tious prove.

On the mossy Bank she lyes,
(Nature's verdant Velvet Bed,)
Beauteous Flowers meet her Eyes,
Forming Pillows for her Head;
Zephyrs waft their Odours round,
And indulging Whispers sound.

CASTALIO's COMPLAINT.



Come, all ye Youths, whose Hearts e'er bled



By cruel Beauty's Pride, Bring each a Garland



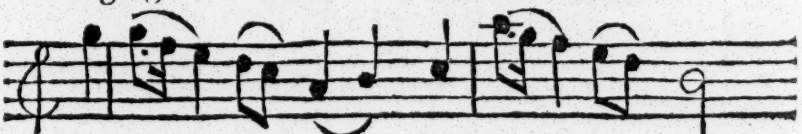
on his Head, Let none his Sorrows hide;



But Hand in Hand around me move,



Singing the saddest Tales of Love:

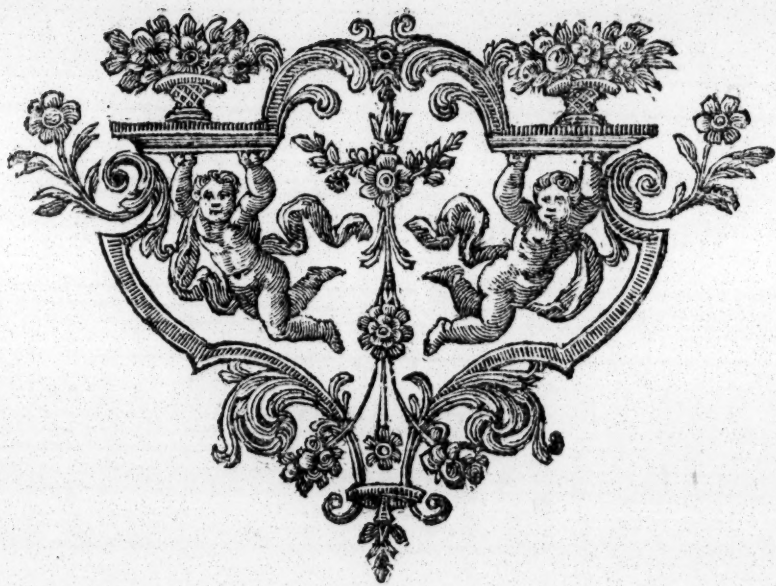


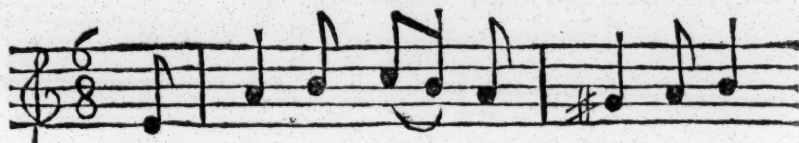
And see, when your Complaints ye join,



If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew;
Pity the Pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as Heaven, whose Stamp she bears,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.



The R E P R O A C H.

Send back my long-stray'd Eyes to me,



Which, Oh! too long have dwelt on thee:



Send home my long-stray'd Eyes to me,



Which, Oh! too long have dwelt on thee:



But if from you they've learnt such Ill,



To sweetly Smile, and then Beguile,



Keep the Deceivers, keep them still.

Send

Send home my harmless Heart again,
Which no unworthy Thought cou'd stain:
But if it has been taught by thine
To forfeit both
Its Word and Oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my Heart and Eyes,
For I'll know all thy Falsities;
That I one Day may laugh, when thou
Shalt grieve and mourn;
For one will scorn,
And prove as False as thou art now.

For the FLUTE.



A LOVER'S EXCUSE *for* DRINKING,

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE,



Upbraid me not, capricious Fair, With Drinking



to Excess; I should not want to drown Despair,



Were your Indiff'rence less: Love me, my Dear, and



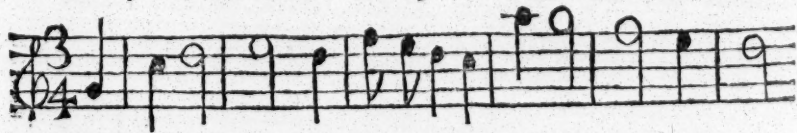
you shall find, When this Excuse is gone, That



all my Bliss, when Cloe's kind, All---- my



Bliss, when Cloe's kind, Is fixt on her alone.



The God of Wine the Victory to Beauty yields with Joy,

The



The God of Wine the Victory to Beauty yields w ith Joy



For *Bacchus* only Drinks like me, when *Ariadne's* Coy---



----- *Bacchus* only drinks like



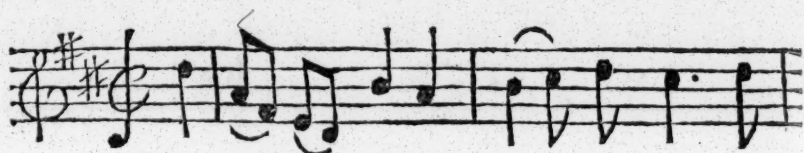
me, *Bacchus* only drinks like me,



like me, When *A--ri-ad--ne's* Coy.



LOVE'S CAPRICE.



Poor sighing *Damon* courts in vain The



blooming *Sylvia's* Love; To ev'ry Stream he



tells his Pain, His Care to ev'ry Grove.



Whilst tender *Sylvia's* panting Breast For



scornful *Acron* burns, Proud *Acron* flights her



fond Request, And all her Favours scorns.

[To the Second Part of the Tune.]

Let ev'ry Nymph, that flights her Swain,
Still meet with *Sylvia's* Fate;
And, when she feels her Lover's Pain,
Her own Example hate.

For the FLUTE.



The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

The Sun was sunk be-neath the Hills,



The Western Clouds were edg'd with Gold;



The Sky was clear, the Winds were still,



The Flocks were penn'd within their Fold:



When, from the Silence of the Grove,



Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of Love;



Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of Love.

Who

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant Rose
From the bare Rock, or oozy Beach;
Who, from each barren Weed that grows,
Expects the Grape, and blushing Peach;
With equal Faith may hope to find
The Truth of Love in Womankind.
The Truth, &c.

I have no Flocks, nor fleecy Care,
No Fields that shine with golden Grain,
Nor Meadows green, nor Gardens fair,
Of Virgins venal Hearts to gain;
Then all in vain my Sighs must prove,
For I, alas! am nought but Love.
For I, &c.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
Since Women's Hearts are bought and sold;
They ask not Vows of sacred Truth;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold.
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove;
But I, alas! am nought but Love.
But I, &c.

To buy the Gems of *India's* Coast,
What Wealth, what Riches can suffice?
But all their Fire can never boast
The living Lustre of her Eyes;
For there the World too cheap would prove,
But I, alas! am nought but Love.
But I, &c.

Oh,

Oh, *Sylvia*, since nor Gems, nor Oar,
Can with thy brighter Charms compare,
Consider, that I proffer more,
(More seldom found) a Heart sincere.
Let Treasure meaner Beauties move;
Who pays thy Worth, must pay with Love.
Who pays, &c.

For the FLUTE.



The Words by Mr. TORKINTON. Set by Mr. GOUGE.



Wou'd Heav'n indulge my love-sick Mind,



And make my Joys compleat; Let me my



Myra's Favour find, And lay me at her Feet.



If the dear Nymph but on me smile, Then



Fate may do its worst: While she is kind, I fear



no Ill; I ne'er can be ac---curst.

With her I cou'd for ever dwell,
 There's Heav'n within her Arms;
 But, absent from her, I'm in Hell;
 Dire Grief my Soul alarms.
 I rave, I burn, I pine, I dye,
 Nought can my Heart relieve;
 But at her Sight my Sorrows fly,
 Her Presence bids me live.



SUSAN'S COMPLAINT.



As down in the Meadows I chanced to pass,



Oh! there I beheld a young beautiful Lass:



Her Age, I am sure, it was scarcely Fifteen;



And she on her Head wore a Garland of Green:



Her Lips were like Rubies; and, as for her Eyes,



They sparkled like Diamonds, or Stars in the Skies:



And, as for her Voice, it was charming and clear,



And She sung a Song for the Loss of her Dear.

Why

Why does my Love *Billy* prove false and unkind,
Ah! why does he change, like the wavering Wind,
From one that is Loyal in ev'ry Degree?
Ah! why does he change to Another from Me?
Or does he take Pleasure to torture me so?
Or does he delight in my sad Overthrow?
Susannah will always prove true to her Trust,
'Tis Pity, lov'd *Billy* should be so unjust.

In the Meadows as we were a making of Hay,
There did we pass the soft Minutes away;
Then was I kiss'd, and sat down on his Knee;
No Man in the World was so loving as he.
And as he went forth to Harrow and Plow,
I milk'd him sweet Sillabubs under my Cow:
O! then I was kiss'd, as I sat on his Knee;
No Man in the World was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, and *Fanny* the Fair
Employs all his Wishes, his Thoughts, and his Care;
He kisses her Hand, and sets her on his Knee,
And says all the soft Things, he once said to me:
But if she believe him, the false-hearted Swain
Will leave her, and then she with me may complain:
For nought is more certain, believe silly *Sue*,
Who once has been Faithless, can never be True.

She finish'd her Song, and 'rose up to be gone,
When over the Meadow came jolly young *John*;
Who told her, that She was the Joy of his Life,
And, if she'd consent, he wou'd make her his Wife:

She

She could not refuse him, so to Church they went,
Young *Billy's* forgot, and young *Susan's* content.
Most Men are like *Billy*, most Women like *Sue* ;
If Men will be False, why should Women be True?

For the FLUTE.



S O N G S.

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The Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. TENOE.



What is Glory, Wealth, or Pleasure,



After which Mankind aspire ?



Thou, my Life! art all the Treasure,



Joy, and Glo--ry, I de-fire.



On thy snowy Bosom lying,



Praising my auspicious Fate,



Love a mutual Blifs supplying,



I am Hap--py, Rich, and Great. *d. c.*

VOL. I.



F

TIPPLING JOHN.

Sung by Mr. HARPER, in the Provok'd Wife.



As tippling John Was jogging on, Upon the



Riot-Night; With tott'ring Pace, And fiery



Face, Suspicious of High Flight: The Guards, who



took Him, by his Look, For some chief



Firebrand, Ask'd, whence he came? What was his



Name? Who are you? Stand, Friend, stand.

I'm

I'm going home; from Meeting come;

Ay, says one, that's the Case:

Some Meeting he has burnt, you see,

The Flame's still in his Face.

John thought 'twas time to purge the Crime,

And said, 'twas his Intent

For to assuage his thirsty Rage;

That Meeting 'twas he meant.

Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,

Says one, pray let us know,

That we may find how you're inclin'd,

Are you High Church, or Low?

John said to That, I'll tell you What,

To end Debates and Strife,

All I can say, this is the way

I steer my Course of Life:

I ne'er to *Bow*, nor *Burgefs* go,

To Steeple-House nor Hall;

The brisk Bar-Bell best suits my Zeal,

With, Gentlemen, d' ye call?

Now judge, am I Low Church, or High,

From Tavern or the Steeple,

Whose merry Toll exalts the Soul,

And makes us high-flown People.

The Guards came on, and look'd at *John*

With Countenance most pleasant;

By Whisper round, they all soon found,

He was no dang'rous Peasant:

So while *John* stood, the best he cou'd,
Expecting their Decision,
Pox on't! says one, let him be gone,
He's of our own Religion.

For the FLUTE.



The MIDSUMMER WISH.

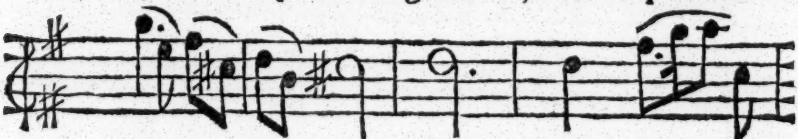
By the Author of the FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Written when he was at Eton School.

Waft me, some soft and cooling Breeze, To

*Windsor's* sha-dy kind Retreat, Where *Sylvan*

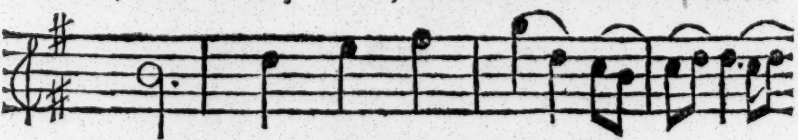
Scenes, wide-spread-ing Trees, Re----pel the



Dog-Star's raging Heat : Where tufted



Grass, and mossy Beds, Afford a Rural calm Re-



pose ; Where Woodbines hang their dew---y



Heads, And fra---grant Sweets around disclose.

Old oozy *Thames*, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling Valley plays;
 His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,
 And thro' the flow'ry Meadow strays.
 His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
 His Vales with golden Plenty swell;
 Where-e'er his purer Streams are seen,
 The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
 With naked Arm once more divide;
 In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
 And cut the gently-rolling Tide.
 Lay me, with Damask-roses crown'd,
 Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade;
 Where Watter-Lillies deck the Ground,
 Where bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,
 With azure Mantle slightly dress'd:
 Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing Hair;
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast.
 O haste away, fair Maid, and bring
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love;
 To Thee alone the Muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

For the FLUTE.

F L O R E L L A.

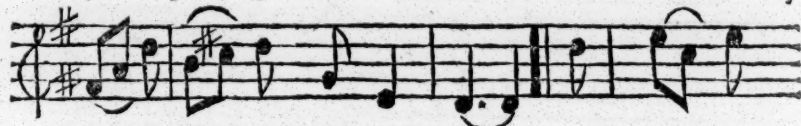
Set by Mr. TENOE.



Why will *Florella*, when I gaze, My ravish'd



Eyes reprove; And chide 'em from the only



Face They can behold with Love? To shun your



Scorn, and ease my Care, I seek a Nymph more



kind; And, while I range from Fair to



Fair, Still gen---tle U---sage find.

But oh! How faint is ev'ry Joy,
Where Nature has no Part?
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But You engage my Heart.

So restless Exiles, as they roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where;
But languish for their Native Home,
Tho' Death attends them there.

For the FLUTE.



The C O Q U E T.

Wilt thou ever, lovely Charmer, Still per--sist to



tyrannize, to tyrannize? Can a Flame approach to



warm Her, Who from Dan--ger ever flies, Still



e-----ver flies?

Circled in a Crowd of Lovers,
 Freely all you entertain; *you, &c.*
 None a favourite Smile discovers,
 Yet we're pleas'd to live in Pain, *to live &c.*

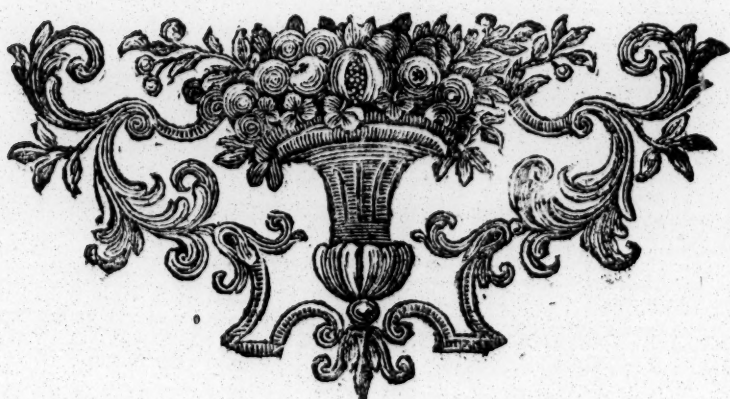
Thus, by Art your Sex exceeding,
 You indulge each vain Pretence; *each vain &c.*
 Fops encourage by good Breeding,
 But approve the Man of Sense, *the Man &c.*

Long in Silence have I waited,
 Trembling to disclose my Love, *disclose &c.*
 Fearful to be one you hated,
 Hopeless you'd my Flame approve, *my &c.*

But,

But, believe me, charming Creature,
Heav'n design'd you kind as fair, *you* &c.
Be then (for 'tis in your Nature)
Kind, like him whose Form you wear, *whose* &c.

For the F L U T E.



Scotch SONG, *call'd*, O the Broom.



O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,



The Broom of Cow---den---knows :



I wish I were with my dear Swain,



Milking my Daddy's Ewes.

How blith ilk Morn was I to fee
The Swain come o'er the Hill?
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me:
I met him with good Will.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,
The Burds fat listning by :
E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay :
He gather'd in my Sheep at Een,
And chear'd me a' the Day.

He

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but thankful be?
He staw my Heart, cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

While thus we spent our Time by turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play;
I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.

Hard Fate that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
That ever yet was born.

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,
Farewel a' Pleasures there;
Ye Gods, restore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.

For the FLUTE.



SCOTCH WEDDING.



Harken, and I will tell you how



Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,



Tho' he could neither say nor do;



The Truth I tell to you.



But ay he cries, whate'er betide,



Maggy I've ha'e her to be my Bride.



With a fa, la, &c.

On his gray Yad as he did ride,
 With Durk and Pistol by his Side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee:
 Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Mure,
 Till he came to her Dady's Door.

With a fa, lal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
 I care no for making meikle Din,
 What Answer gi' ye me?
 Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'le gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,

With a fa, lal, &c.

Now, Woer, since ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what Town?
 I think my Doghter winna gloon

On sic a Lad as ye.

The Woer he stept up to the House,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,

With a fa, lal, &c.

I have three Owfen in a Plough,
 Twa good ga'n Yads, and Gear enough,
 The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;

I scorn to tell a Lie:

Be-

Befides, I had frae thee great Laird,
 A Peat-pat and a Lang-kail Yard,
With a fa, la, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the Town;
 I wat on him she did na gloon,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
 The Lover he stended up in Haste,
 And gript her hard about the Waste,
With a fa, la, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear,
 And for my sell ye need na fear,
 Troth, try me whan ye like.
 He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,
 He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou',
With a fa, la, &c.

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,
 She had na Will to say him na,
 But to her Dady she left it a',
 As they twa cou'd agree.
 The Lover ee ga'e her the tither Kifs,
 Syne ran to her Dady and tell'd him this,
With a fa, la, &c.

Your

Your Doghter wad na say me na,
 But to your fell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd gree between us twa,
 Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
 Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,
 But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fa, lal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
 Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free,
 Troth, I dow do na mair.
 Content, quoth he, a Bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
With a fa, lal, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony blythsome Lad and Lafs;
 But sicken a Day there never was,
 Sic Mirth was never seen.
 This winsom Couple straked Hands,
 Mefs *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fa, lal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
 Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots a' in blew,
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
 And blinked bonnilie.

Their Toys and Mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our Ladses Een,
With a fa, la!, &c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and sick Din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
 The Minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 And ay they bobit and ay they beckt,
 And ay their Wames together met,
With a fa, la!, &c.

For the FLUTE.



S O N G S.

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HOPELESS LOVE.

Set by Mr. G O U G E.



Thy vain--- Pursuit fond Youth---give o'er; What



more, --- alas !----- can Fla--via do ? Thy



Worth I own, thy Fate deplore; All are not



hap---py that are true. Thy Worth I own, thy



Fate--deplore; All are not hap--py that are true.

Suppress thy Sighs, and weep no more;

Should Heaven and Earth with thee combine,

'Twere all in vain; since any Power,

To crown thy Love, must alter mine:

'Twere all, &c.

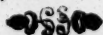
But, if Revenge can ease thy Pain,

I'll sooth those Ills I cannot cure,

Tell thee I drag a hopeless Chain,

And more than I inflict, endure.

Tell thee, &c.



G 2

The

Set by Mr. *TENO E.*

You I love, by all that's true,



More than all things here below;



With a Passion far more great,



Than e'er Creature loved yet:



And yet still you cry, Forbear,



Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore;
 Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
 Bid the Old be Young again;
 Bid the Nun not think of Man:

Silvia,

Silvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate:
What makes Me love, makes You to hate;
Silvia, then, do what you will,
Ease or Cure, Torment or Kill;
Be Kind or Cruel, False or True,
Love I must, and none but You.

For the FLUTE.



Set by Mr. C O L E.



Prithee, *Celia*, now no more your Deceiver still pursue,



Nor flatter his Pride with the Pain you endure;



You lov'd him, because you believ'd he was true;



You find that he's False, then let this be your Cure:

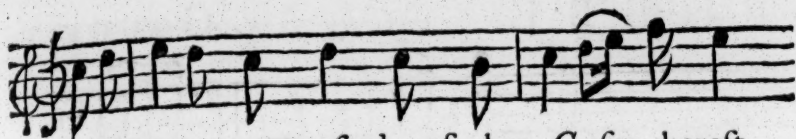


Tho' *Damon* be perjur'd, the next may prove kind,



She only is blest who can change with the Wind.

Cleopatra



Cleopatra, we find, of her *Cæsar* bereft,



To secure her new Hero, employ'd all her Charms;



Nor sigh'd nor repin'd that by One she was left,



But found out a better to die in her Arms: Then



brighten your Eyes, and new Conquest pre-



pare; Why need she be Wretched, who

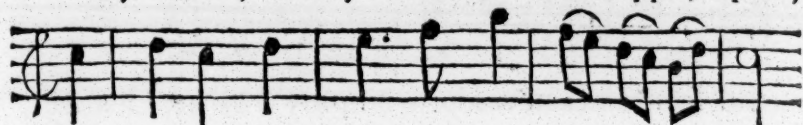


knows she is Fair?



P H E B E. *Set by Mr. GOUGE.*

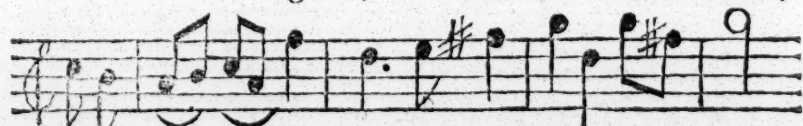
My Time, Oh ye Muses! was happily spent,

When *Phebe* went with me where-ever I went;

Ten thousand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast:

Sure, never fond Shepherd like *Colin* was blest!

But now she is gone, and has left me behind,



What a marvelous Change on a sudden I find?



When Things were as fine as cou'd possibly be,

I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was She.
With

With such a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
 To rise up and play, or to lye down and sleep,
 I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
 My Heart was as light as a Feather all day.
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known;
 My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
 And my Heart — I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
 'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:
 But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
 And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
 Must you be so chearful, while I go in Pain?
 Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentime play,
 And when *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
 When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime?
 But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
 I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass;
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
 Come wagging his Tail to my Fair One, and Me;
 And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
 Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his Head.

But now, when he's fawning, I with a four Look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not *Tray*
Be as dull as his Master, when *Phebe's* away?

When walking with *Phebe*, what Sights have I seen?
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green?
What a lovely appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But since she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of 'em now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet Musick went with us Both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throftle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
Her Voice in the Confort, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable Sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile?
That Meadow, those Daiesies, why do they not smile?
Ah! Rivals, I see what it was that you dress,
And made yourselves fine for; a Place in her Breast:
You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
'To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

How

How slowly Time creeps, 'till my *Phebe* return?
While amidst the soft *Zephyr's* cool Breezes I burn;
Methinks, if I knew where-about he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down
the Lead.

Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And rest so much longer for't, when she is here.
Ah *Colin!* old Time is full of Delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, *Colin*, thy Passion remove;
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how you love one so fair.



JOCKEY and JENNY.

Set by Mr. GOUGE.



Jockey and Jenny together were laid;



Jockey was happy, no less was the Maid;



He often did sigh, and cry'd, Jenny, with Thee,



My Life, tho' in Bondage, wou'd seem to be free.



Jenny, who greatly for Jockey did burn,



Wou'd Sigh to his Sigh, and kind Language, return.



There's no Pair so happy, so much of one Mind,



As Jockey to Jenny, so Jenny's inclin'd.

Content

Content with each other in humble Retreat,
 They court not new Beauties, nor envy the Great;
 He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit her Swain,
 For Pleasures yet thought of, or Riches to gain.
 Come, all you gay Courtiers, who Greatness admire,
 And shine in gilt Coaches, with pompous Attire,
 Regard the true Pleasure this Couple enjoy,
 For Pleasures with *Jockey* and *Jenny* ne'er cloy.

While you quit your *Silvia* for *Cloe's* bright Eyes,
Aminta pursue, you fair *Cloe* despise,
 When one Nymph's undone, you another undoe,
 And rambling, the Fair does the same thing by you:
 'Till Nature grows weary, decrepit, and poor,
 Not aged, but quite has exhausted her Store;
 'Tis *Jockey* and *Jenny* enjoy the true Taste:
 Be constant like them, and your Pleasures will last.

For the FLUTE.



A B A L L A D.

To the Old Tune of the Abbot of Canterbury.



Who has e'er been at *Paris*, must needs know the



Greve, The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate



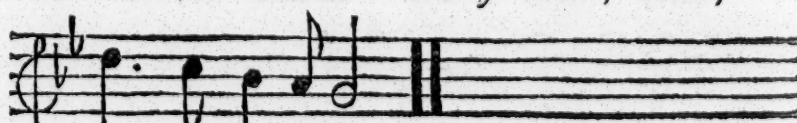
Brave : Where Honour and Justice most



odly contribute, To ease Heroes Pains by a



Hal---ter or Gibbet. *Derry down, down,*



hey der--ry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had
put on;

And the Hangman compleats, what the Judge but begun:
There

There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Post,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no
more cross'd.

Derry down, &c.

[known;
Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has his own:
But my Hearers cry out; What a Duce dost thou ail?
Put off thy Reflections; and give us thy Tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil Respect to harsh Laws,
And for want of false Witness, to back a bad Cause,
A *Norman*, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And Who to assist, but a grave *Cordelier*?

Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haste, that the Show shou'd begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;
And often took Leave; but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens You thus, my good Son? says the Priest:
You Murther'd, are Sorry, and have been Confest.
O Father! My Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was Taken.

Derry down, &c.

[Fancies:
Pough! pr'ythee, ne'er trouble thy Head with such
Rely on the Aid you shall have from Saint *Francis*:
If the Money you promis'd be brought to the Chest;
You have only to Dye: let the Church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And

And what will Folks say, if they see you afraid?
 It reflects upon Me, as I knew not my Trade:
 Courage, Friend; To-day is your Period of Sorrow;
 And Things will go better, believe me, To-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
 He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-
 night.
 Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly trufs'd up:
 For you surely To-night shall in Paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat,
Parblew! I shall have little Stomach to Eat:
 I should therefore esteem it great Favour, and Grace;
 Wou'd you be so kind as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;
 But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must suit.
 The Feast, I propos'd to You, I cannot taste:
 For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, he said;
 Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade:
 For Thy Cord, and My Cord both equally tie;
 And We live by the Gold, for which other Men Dye.
Derry down, &c.



PEATIE'S MILL.



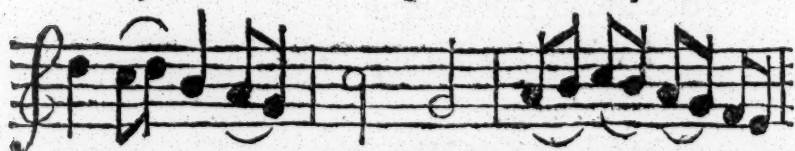
The Lass of *Peatie's* Mill, So bony,



blyth and gay, In Spite of all my



Skill, Hath stole my Heart away. When



tedding of the Hay, Bare-headed on the



Green, Love 'midst her Locks did play, And



wan--ton'd in her Een,

Her Arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,
 To Age it wou'd give Youth,
 To press 'em with his Hand.
 Thro' all my Spirits ran
 An Ecstasy of Bliss,
 When I such Sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy Kifs.

Without the Help of Art,
 Like Flow'rs which grace the Wild,
 She did her Sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
 Her Looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected Pride,
 She me to Love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
 Insur'd long Life and Health,
 And Pleasures at my Will;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny She,
 The Lass of *Peatie's* Mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

— *For the FLUTE.*



Set by Mr. *GALLIARD*.



After the Pangs of a desperate Lover,



When Day and Night I have sigh'd all in vain,



Ah, what a Pleasure it is to discover



In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!



Ah, what a Pleasure it is to discover



In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!

When with Unkindness our Love at a Stand is,
 And Both have punish'd our selves with the Pain,
 Ah, what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is!
 Ah, what a Pleasure to press it again!
Ah, what a Pleasure, &c.

When

S O N G S.

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When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
 And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
 Ah, what a Trembling I feel when I venture!
 Ah, what a Trembling does usher my Joy!
Ah, what a Trembling, &c.

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the Blessing,
 And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleasure and Pain;
 Ah, what a Joy 'tis, beyond all expressing!
 Ah, what a Joy to hear, *Shall we again!*
Ah, what a Joy, &c.

For the FLUTE.



The Fine LADY's LIFE.

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in the *Provok'd Husband*.



What tho' they call me Coun--try Lafs, I



read it plainly in my Glafs, That for a Dutcheſs



I might paſs: Oh, cou'd I ſee the Day!



Wou'd Fortune but attend my Call, At Park, at



Play, at Ring, and Ball, I'd brave the proudeſt



of them all, With a *Stand by*---*Clear the Way*.

Sur-

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaux,
With smart Toupees, and powder'd Cloaths,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose;

Oh, cou'd I see the Day!

I'll dart such Glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Lord, or Duke, my Prize;
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize,

With a *Stand by* --- *Clear the Way*.

Oh! then for ev'ry new Delight,
For Equipage and Diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and Plays, and Balls, all Night,

Oh, cou'd I see the Day!

Of Love and Joy I'd take my Fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill,
In every thing I'd have my Will,

With a *Stand by* --- *Clear the Way*.

For the FLUTE.



Sung in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS.



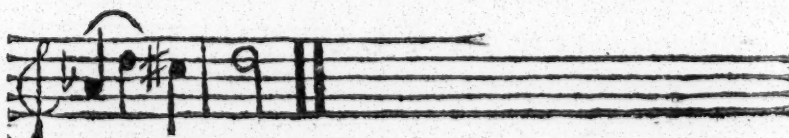
From Place to Place for---lorn I go, With



downcast Eyes, a silent Shade; Forbidden



to de--clare my Woe; To speak, 'till spoken



to, a--fraid.

My inward Pang, my secret Grief,
My soft consenting Looks betray;
He loves, but gives me no Relief;
Why speaks not He who may?

For the FLUTE.



S C O T C H S O N G.



Ye Shepherds, and Nymphs, that adorn the gay plain,



Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strain;



Amongst all your Number a Lover so true Was



ne'er so undone, with such Bliss in his View.

Was ever a Nymph so hard-hearted, as mine?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
 But calmly, and mildly, resigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend; but her Lover denies:
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs:
 A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
 Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears;
Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears;
When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bless her in spite of my Grief.

By Night while I slumber, still haunted with Care,
I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the Fair:
The Fair sleeps in Peace, may she ever do so!
And, only when dreaming, imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she should love, whom she cannot admire.
Hush all thy Complaining, and, dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heav'n, and thy self to the Grave.

For the FLUTE.



L O V E, *or* W I N E.

If *Phillis* denies me Re-----lief,



If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine:



Tho' she laughs at my amorous Grief,



At my Mirth why should she repine?



--- At my Mirth why should she repine?

The sparkling *Champaign* shall remove

All the Cares my dull Grief has in store:

My Reason I lost when I lov'd,

And, by Drinking, what can I do more?

And by Drinking, &c.

Wou'd

Wou'd *Phillis* but pity my Pain,
Or my amorous Vow wou'd approve;
The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love;
And be drunk, &c.

For the FLUTE.



The DYING SWAN.Set by Mr. *T E N O E*.

'Twas on a River's verdant Side, About the



close of Day, A dying Swan with Musick



try'd To chase her Cares away : And tho' she



ne'er had strain'd her Throat, Or tun'd her



Voice before, Death, ravish'd with so sweet a



Note, Awhile the Stroke for---bore.

Farewel, she cry'd, ye Silver Streams ;
Ye purling Waves, adieu ;
Where *Phœbus* us'd to dart his Beams,
And blest both me and you.
Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds,
Soft Scenes of happy Love ;
Farewel, ye bright enamell'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove :

With you I must no more converse ;
Look ! yonder setting Sun
Waits, while I these last Notes rehearse,
And then I must be gone.
Mourn not, my kind and constant Mate,
We'll meet again below ;
It is the kind Decree of Fate,
And I with Pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a Tree
Within th' adjacent Wood,
To hear her mournful Melody,
A Stork attentive stood :
From whence, thus to the Swan she spoke ;
What means this Song of Joy ?
Is it, fond Fool, so kind a Stroke,
That does thy Life destroy ?

Turn back, deluded Bird, and try
To keep thy fleeting Breath ;
It is a dismal thing to die ;
And Pleasure ends in Death.

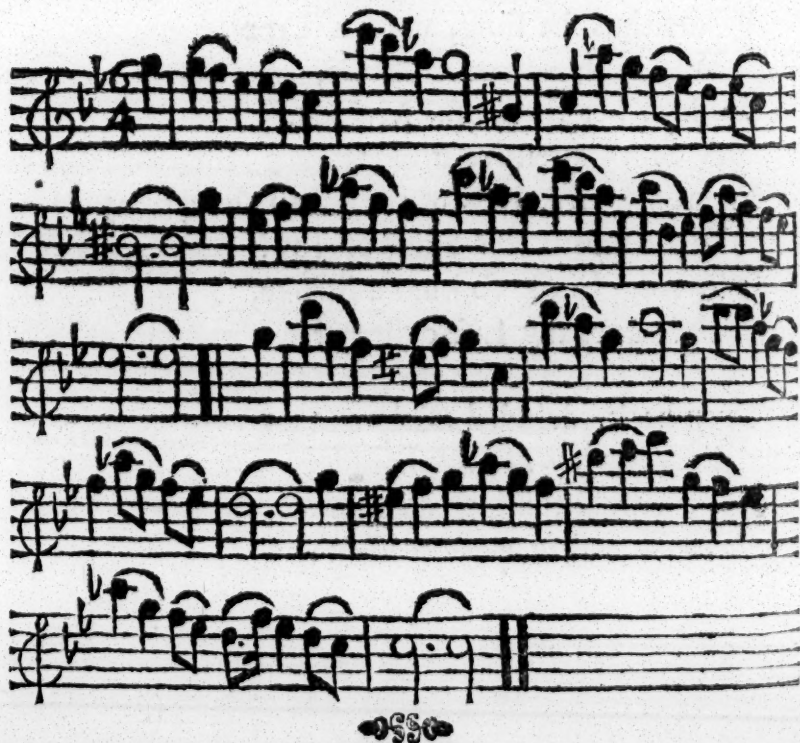
Bate

Base Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er;
 Thy Arguments are vain;
 If after Death we are no more,
 Yet we are free from Pain:

But there are soft *Elysian* Shades,
 And Bowers of kind Repose,
 Where never any Storm invades,
 Nor Tempest ever blows.
 There in cool Streams, and shady Woods,
 I'll sport the Time away;
 Or, swimming down the crystal Floods,
 Among young Halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee cease, or tell me why
 I have such Cause to grieve;
 Since it's a Happiness to die,
 And it's a Pain to live.

For the FLUTE.



BONNY JEAN.



Love's Goddeffs in a Myrtle Grove, Said,



Cupid, bend thy Bow with Speed; Nor let the



Shaft at random rove, For Jeany's haughty



Heart must bleed. The smiling Boy, with divine



Art, From Paphos shot an Arrow keen; Which



flew unerring to the Heart, And kill'd the



Pride of bonny Jean.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
Refuses *Willie's* kind Address;
Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
But too much Fondness to suppress.
No more the Youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the Green,
Whilst ev'ry Day he spies some new
Surprizing Charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thousand Transports crowd his Breast,
He moves as light as fleeting Wind;
His former Sorrows seem a Jest,
Now when his *Jeanie* is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with Disdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean;
The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,
If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,
Which e'en in Summer shorten'd seems;
When sunk in Downs with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.
All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than old *Troy's* Prize, the *Spartan* Queen;
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

S O N G S.

115

For the FLUTE.



To a JEALOUS HUSBAND.

By Mr. CONCANEN. Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

Tell me, *Si-le-no*, why you fill With fancy'd

Woes your Life? Why's all your Time ex-



pended still, In Thinking, or in Talking



ill, Of your too vir---tuous Wife?

For, faith, I can't see to what End

You keep her up so close;

Nor how you cou'd your self offend,

That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend,

You never leave your House.

Ah! Were she but advis'd by me,

Her many Taunts and Scorns

With Int'rest thou'd refunded be,

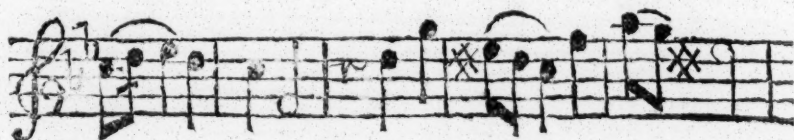
She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,

By decking thee with Horns.

For the FLUTE.

ADVICE *to the* LADIES.

As the Snow in Vallies lying, *Phæbus* his warm



Beams applying, Soon dissolves and runs a-



way; So the Beauties, so the Graces, Of the

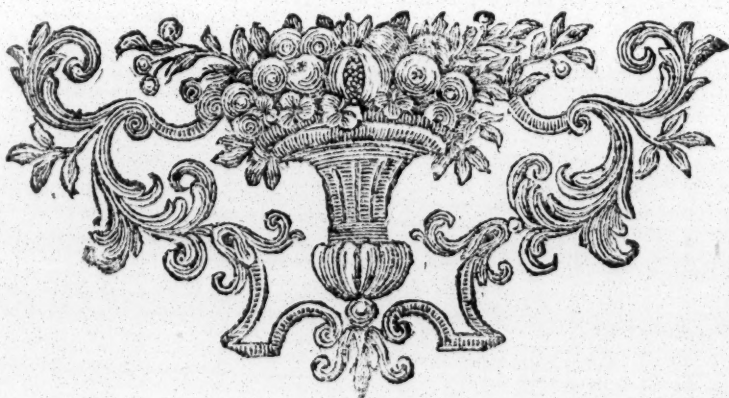


most bewitching Faces, At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant, when degraded,
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
 By the Slaves he once controul'd;
 So the Nymph, if none cou'd move her,
 Is contemn'd by ev'ry Lover,
 When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholick Looks, and Whining,
Grieving, Quarrelling, and Pining,
Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
Soft Caresses, amorous Glances,
Melting Sighs, transporting Trances,
Are the blest Effects of Love.

Fair Ones, while your Beauty's blooming,
Use your Time; lest Age resumming
What your Youth profusely lends,
You are robb'd of all your Glories,
And condemn'd to tell old Stories
To your unbelieving Friends.



Set by Mr. CARY.



Tho' cruel you seem to my Pain, And hate me be-



cause I am true; Yet, *Phillis*, you love a false



Swain, who has other Nymphs in his View.



Enjoyment's a Trifle to him, To me what a



Heaven 'twou'd be! To him but a Woman you



seem; But, ah! you're an An--gel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever cou'd grow;
Still clinging around that dear Waste,
Which he spans as besides you he'll go.

That

That Hand, like a Lilly so white,
Which over his Shoulders you lay;
My Bosom cou'd warm it all Night,
My Lips they cou'd press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
Were Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee.
But if I must feel your Disdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown;
Oh! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

For the FLUTE.



The DESCRIPTION.

Tho' Beauty, like the Rose That shines on



Polworth Green, In various Colours shows, As



'tis by Fan--cy seen: Yet all its diff'rent



Glories lie United in her Face, And Virtue,



like the Sun on high, Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
 So smooth, so calm her Mind,
 That to some Angel's Care
 Each Moment seems assign'd:
 But yet so careful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful Moments fly;
 As if for Wings they stole the Ray,
 She darteth from her Eye.

Kind

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
With tuneful Voice she sings,
Perfume her Breath, and smile,
And wave their balmy Wings:
But as the tender Blushes rise,
Soft Innocence doth warm;
The Soul in blissful Ecstasies
Dissolveth in the Charm.

For the FLUTE.



The DECEIVER.

With tuneful Pipe, and merry Glee, Young



Jockey won my Heart; A blyther Loon you



ne'er did see, All Beauty without Art: His



soothing Tale did soon prevail To gain my



fond Belief; But now the Swain roves o'er the



Plain, And leaves me full, and leaves me



full, and leaves me full of Grief.

Young

Young *Jemmy* courts with artful Song,
 But few regard his Moan;
 The Lasses about *Jockey* throng,
 And *Jemmy's* left alone.
 In *Aberdeen* sure ne'er was seen
 A Loon that gave such Pain;
 He daily woos, and still pursues,
 'Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he hath gain'd the Bliss,
 Away the Loon does run,
 And hardly will afford a Kiss
 To silly me undone.
 Bonny *Molly*, *Moggy*, *Dolly*,
 Avoid my roving Swain;
 His wily Tongue, besure, you shun,
 Lest you like me complain.

For the FLUTE.

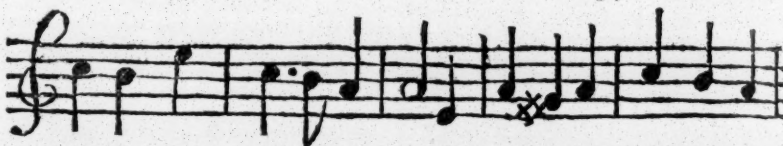
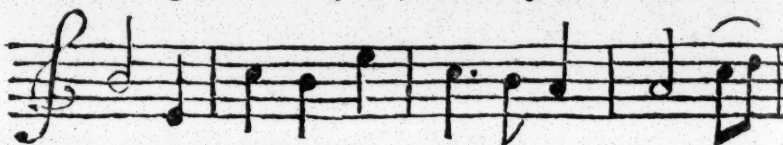


ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

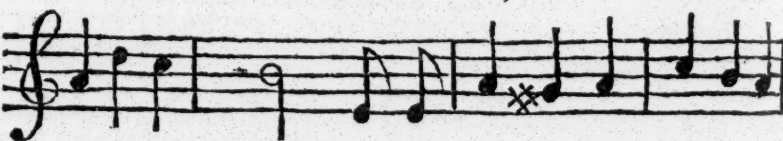
By Mr. BAKER.

To the Tune of Grim King of the Ghosts.

On the Bank of a River so deep, Whose

Waters glide silently on, Sad *Rosalind* sat down toweep, For *Damon* her Lover was gone: The

fairest and faithfullest She, Of all that tripp'd



over the Plains; But, a---las! the most fickle was



He, Among all the Shepherds and Swains.

DOWNS

Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream:

All his Vows are forgotten! she cries;

Regarded no more than a Dream,

Tho' for Him his fond Shepherdess dies:

He's gone, the false Creature is gone,

To deceive some fresh Nymph o' the Plain,

Whose Fate will, like mine, be to moan

The Loss of a perjured Swain.

Beware, you bright Maidens! beware,

If my treacherous Shepherd you meet;

For, alas! he's bewitchingly fair;

When he speaks, there's no Musick so sweet:

As the Spring he is blooming and gay,

As the Summer delightful and kind;

But believe not one Word he can say,

For he's false as the wavering Wind.

Foolish Maid! whilst I thought he was true,

I sent up no Look to the Skies;

All the Sunshine or Gloom that I knew,

Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.

He alone was my Joy and my Care,

I wish'd for no Heaven above;

No Sorrow, no Pain, could I fear;

No Hell, but the Loss of his Love.

How fondly endearing was He,

'Till I granted whate'er he desir'd?

But, you Virgins! take Warning by me,

For his Flame from that Moment expir'd:

Now

Now I ne'er shall embrace him again,
 He, ungrateful, is flown from my Arms,
 Far away o'er the flowery Plain,
 And despises these fullyed Charms.

Sure the Gods have some Vengeance in Store,
 For the Breach of those Vows which he made;
 Tho' by him they're remember'd no more
 Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd.
 But forgive him, you Powers above!
 Tho' he's false, bring no Harm on his Head;
 But crown him with Beauty and Love,
 Long after poor *Rosalind's* dead.

Thus she mourn'd: What a Scene all around!
 The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
 The Valleys her Sorrows resound,
 And the Stream shews her blubbered Eyes:
 All Nature takes Part in her Woe,
 A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is spread,
 The Winds have forgotten to blow,
 And the Willows bend over her Head.

For the FLUTE.



S O N G S.
The ILLUSION.

129



Love's a Dream of mighty Treasure, Which in



Fancy we possess: In the Folly lies the



Pleasure; Wisdom always makes it less.



When we think, by Passion heated, We a Goddess



have in Chace; Like *Ix-i-on*, we are cheated,



And a gaudy Cloud embrace.

Happy only is the Lover,

Whom his Mistress well deceives;

Seeking nothing to discover,

He contented lives at Ease.

But the Wretch that would be knowing

What the Fair One would disguise,

Labours for his own Undoing;

Changing Happy, to be Wise.



The F A R M E R's S O N.

Sweet *Nelly*, my Heart's De--light, Be loving, and



do not flight The Proffer I make, for Modesty's



fake; I honour your Beau---ty bright. For,



Love, I profess, I can do no less, Thou hast my



Favour won; And since I see your Mode-



sty, I pray agree, and fan---cy me, Though



I'm but a Farm---er's Son.

*No: I am a Lady gay;
 'Tis very well known, I may
 Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town:
 So, Roger, without delay,
 Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
 Their Loves will soon be won;
 But don't you dare to speak me fair,
 As if I were at my last Prayer,
 To marry a Farmer's Son.*

*My Father has Riches Store,
 Two Hundred a Year, and more;
 Beside Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows and Plows;
 His Age is above Three-score:
 And when he does die, then merrily I
 Shall have what he has won;
 Both Land, and Kine, all shall be thine,
 If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
 And marry a Farmer's Son.*

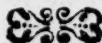
*A Fig for your Cattle, and Corn,
 Your proffer'd Love I scorn;
 'Tis known very well, my Name it is Nell,
 And you're but a Bumpkin born.
 Well, since it is so, away I will go,
 And I hope no Harm is done;
 Farewel; adieu: I hope to wooe
 As good as you, and win her too,
 Though I'm but a Farmer's Son.*

*Be not in such Haste, quoth she,
 Perhaps we may still agree;*

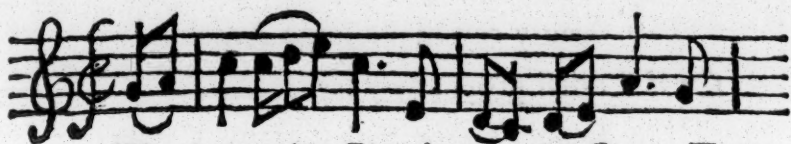
*For, Man, I protest, I was but in Jest;
 Come, pr'ythee sit down by me,
 For thou art the Man, that verily can
 Perform what must be done;
 Both strait, and tall, genteel withal;
 Therefore I shall be at your Call,
 To marry a Farmer's Son.*

Dear Lady, believe me now,
 I solemnly swear, and vow,
 No Lords in their Lives take Pleasure in Wives,
 Like Fellows that drive the Plow;
 For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,
 They don't to Harlots run,
 As Courtiers do. I never knew
 A *London* Beau, that could outdo
 A Country Farmer's Son.

For the FLUTE.



*To a Lady, who was disgusted at some Words
of the AUTHOR's.*



Why hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow, That



beauteous Heav'n, ere - while ---- serene? Whence



do these Storms and Tem---pests flow? Or what this



Gust of Passion mean? Ah, then must Mankind



lose --- that Light, Which in thine Eye was



wont to shine? And lye obscur'd in end---less



Night, For each poor fil---ly Speech of mine?

K 3

Dear

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
 That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
 Thy Beauty can make large Amends?
 Or if I durst prophanely try
 Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t' upbraid;
 Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
 Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For *Venus*, ev'ry Heart t' ensnare,
 With all her Charms has deckt thy Face;
 And *Pallas*, with unusual Care,
 Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry Grace.
 Who can the double Pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the Field
 To thee, Celestial Maid, secure
 With *Cupid's* Bow, and *Pallas'* Shield?

If then to thee such Power is given,
 Let not a Wretch in Torment live;
 But smile, and learn to copy Heav'n,
 Since we must sin, ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
 Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
 But e'en Itself appeas'd bestows
 As the Reward of Penitence.

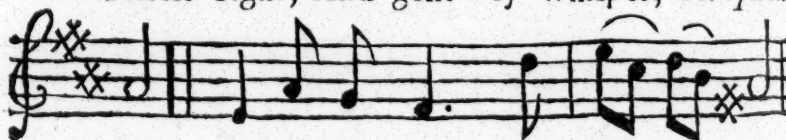
For the FLUTE.

The LOVER'S MESSAGE.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



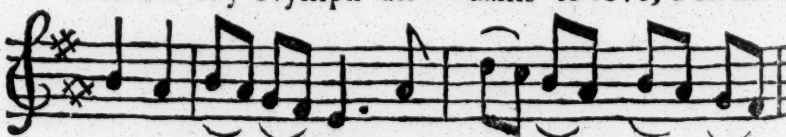
Ye little Loves, that hour---ly wait, To bring from

*Celia's* Eyes my Fate, Tell her my Pain insoftest Sighs, And gent---ly whisper, *Strephon*

dyes. But if this won't her Pi---ty move,



And the coy Nymph dis-----dains to love, Tell her a-

gain, 'tis all a Lye, And haughty *Strephon*

scorns to die.

For the FLUTE.

D A M O N and C L O E.

Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. BURGESS.

D A M O N.



Love's an idle childish Passion, Only fit for



Girls and Boys; Marriage is a cursed Fashion,



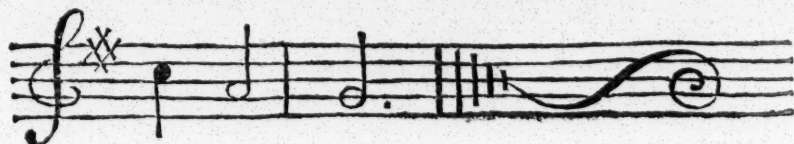
Women are but foolish Toys. Spight of all the



tempting Evils, Still thy Li---ber-ty maintain;



Tell'em, tell the pret--ty Devils, Man alone was



made to reign.

C L O E.

S O N G S.

139

C L O E.

Empty Boaster ! know thy Duty,
 Thou, who dar'st my Pow'r defy;
 Feel the Force of Love and Beauty;
 Tremble at my Feet, and die.
 Wherefore does thy Colour leave Thee?
 Why these Cares upon thy Brow?
 Did the Rebel Pride deceive Thee?
 Ask him, who's the Monarch now.

For the F L U T E.



The LOVER'S REQUEST.

Tell me, tell me, charming Creature, Will you
 never ease my Pain? Must I dye for
 ev'---ry Feature? Must I al--ways love in vain?

The image shows three staves of musical notation in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on the first staff, and the lyrics are placed below it. The second and third staves continue the melody and lyrics. The lyrics are: 'Tell me, tell me, charming Creature, Will you never ease my Pain? Must I dye for ev'---ry Feature? Must I al--ways love in vain?'.

The Desire of Admiration,
 Is the Pleasure you pursue;
 Pr'ythee try a lasting Passion;
 • Such a Love as mine for you.

Tears and Sighing cou'd not move you;
 For a Lover ought to dare:
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.

Are such giddy Ways befeeming?
 Will my Dear be fickle still?
 Conquest is the Joy of Women;
 Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your

S O N G S.

141

Your Neglect with Torment fills me,
And my desperate Thoughts increase;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a Lover less.

If your wand'ring Heart is beating
For new Lovers, let it be:
But, when you have done Coquetting,
Name a Day, and fix on me.

For the FLUTE.



The FAITHFUL LOVER.

The last Time I came o'er--- the Moor, I



left my Love be---hind me; Ye Pow'rs! what



Pain do I----- en--dure, When soft I-



de-----as mind me? Soon as the



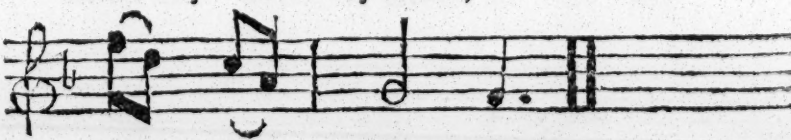
ruddy Morn display'd The beaming



Day en---fu--ing, I met be-



times my Love-ly Maid, In fit Re-



treats for Woo----ing.

Be-

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing, and chafly sporting;
We kiss'd, and promis'd Time away,
'Till Night spread her black Curtain.
I pity'd all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings, when she was nigh me:
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may surround me:
Yet Hopes again to see my Love,
To feast on glowing Kisses,
Shall make my Cares at Distance move,
In Prospect of such Bliss.

In all my Soul, there's not one Place
To let a Rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love shall center.
Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* shall cover,
On *Greenland* Ice shall Roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,
She shall a Lover find me;
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen's* sacred Bonds shall chain
My Heart to her fair Bosom;
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more fresh shall blossom.

For the FLUTE.



The B L I S S.

Oh! my Treasure, crown my Plea--sure,



Let this be the hap----py Night; Bless, oh!



bless me! Kind----ly press me, Let me die with



dear Delight; With dear De--light.

Leave this Trembling,
And Diffembling,
Lay aside all Female Art;
Love's soft Pleasure,
Beyond measure,
Will atone for all its Smart;
For all its Smart.



The L U C K Y M I N U T E.

As *Chloris*, full of harmless Thought, Be-



neath a Willow lay, Kind Love a youthful



Shepherd brought, To pass the Time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But, as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spite of her Disdain;
She felt a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Oh Youth! said she, what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprize?
Oh! let me — for, unless you please,
I have no Pow'r to rise.

She

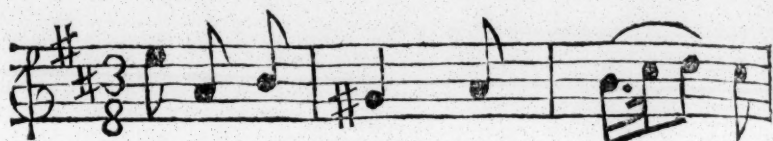
She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he shou'd comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the Lie.

Thus she, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.

For the FLUTE.



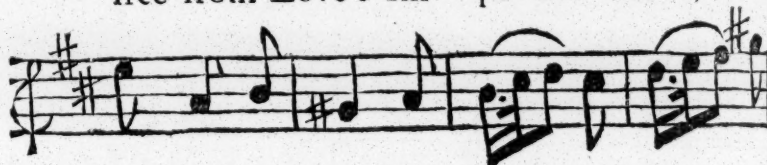
Set by Mr. GREENE.



Ye hap--py Swains whose Hearts are



free from Love's Im---pe--rial Chain,



Take warning, and be taught by me, T'a-



void th'inchant--ing Pain. Fa---tal the



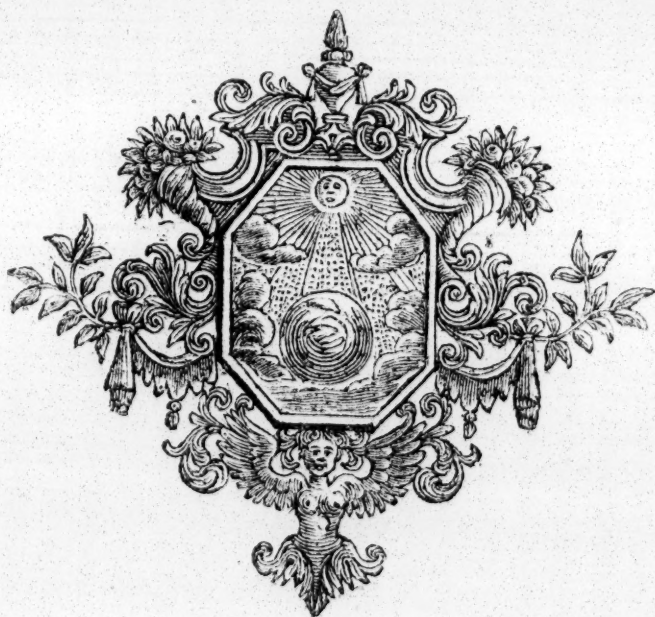
Wolves to trembling Flocks, Fierce



Windsto Bioffoms prove; To care--less

Seamen hidden Rocks, To human Quiet, Love.
Fly

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize;
The Snake's beneath the Flower :
Who ever gaz'd on beaute'ous Eyes,
That tasted Quiet more?
How faithless is the Lovers Joy!
How constant is their Care!
The Kind with Falshood do destroy,
The Cruel with Despair.



I R I S' s C A U T I O N.



I-ris, on a Bank of Thyme, With a Sigh, and



weep---ing Eye, Said to love---ly *Celamine*,



Let not Men your Heart fur---prize,



Men are all com---pos'd of Lies.

Tho' a thousand Oaths they swear,

And as many Vows repeat ;

All they swear, is common Air,

All they promise, but Deceit ;

Man was never constant yet.

Wisely

Wifely then preserve your Heart
From the Tyranny of Fate;
For only They can act their Part,
When Love has its Return of Fate;
Then Repentance comes too late.

For the F L U T E.



The Words from a French Author.

Set by Mr. CAREY.



Come from the Groves each God--dess,



Tune up your sweet Hautboys, And to the



Voice of Musick, Make an har--mo--nious



Noise: Sing her for whom I languish,



The charming Song approve; Sing on 'till



Jove grow jealous, And envy me my Love.

Flora,

Flora, thou charming Goddess,
In all thy Bloom appear;
Put on again fresh Garlands,
Begin once more the Year.
Joyn thy self to *Pomona*,
With Flow'rs adorn the Ground;
Let Spring remain for ever,
With Youth and Beauty crown'd.

Let little Birds through Meadows
All tune their warbling Throats,
While bubbling Waters echo
The Musick of their Notes.
Sing Her, for whom I languish,
The charming Song approve;
Sing on, 'till *Jove* grow jealous,
And envy me my Love.

For the FLUTE.

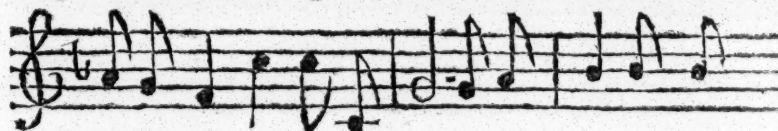


The TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

*Diogenes*, furly and proud, Who snarl'd at the*Macedon* Youth, Delighted in Wine that was

good, Because in good Wine there is Truth: But

growing as poor as a *Job*, And un-a-ble to

purchase a Flask, He chose for his Mansion a



Tub, And liv'd by the Scent of the Ca---



sk, And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

Hera-

HERACLITUS wou'd never deny

A Bumper, to cherish his Heart;
And when he was maudlin, wou'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his Quart:
Tho' some were so foolish to think,
He wept at Men's Folly and Vice;
When 'twas only his Custom to drink,
'Till the Liquor run out at his Eyes:
The Li---quor, the Liquor run out at his Eyes.

DEMOCRITUS always was glad

To tittle and cherish his Soul;
Wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
When over a jolly full Bowl:
While his Cellar with Wine was well stor'd,
His Liquor wou'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a Lord,
At those that were sober he'd la---ugh:
At those that are sober he'd laugh.

COPERNICUS too, like the rest,

Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine;
And knew that a Cup of the best
Made Reason the brighter to shine:

With

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,
 And made his Philosophy reel;
 Then fancy'd the World, as his Brains,
 Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel:
 Turn'd rou---nd, turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

ARISTOTLE, that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine;
 For what we ascribe to his Parts,
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine:
 His Belly, some Authors agree,
 Was as big as a Watering-trough;
 He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
 Because he'd have Liquor enough:
 He'd have Li---quor, because he'd have Liquor enough.

When *PYRRHO* had taken a Glas,
 He saw that no Object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was,
 Before he had liquor'd his Beard;
 For things running round in his Drink,
 Which sober he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the Sceptick to think
 There was nothing of Truth to be fou---nd.
 There was nothing of Truth to be found.

Old

Old *PLATO* was reckon'd divine,
Who wisely to Virtue was prone;
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits had never been known:
By Wine we are generous made,
It furnishes Fancy with Wings;
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

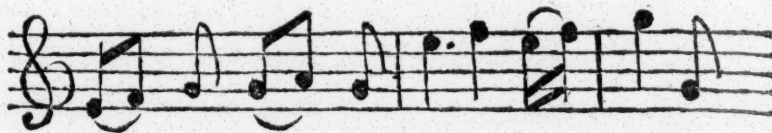
We ne'----er should have had Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

For the FLUTE.



BESSY BELL *and* MARY GRAY.

O *Bef--sy* Bell and *Ma-ry* Gray, They



are twa bon--ny Lassies, They bigg'd a



Bower on yon Burn-brae, And



theek'd it o'er wi' Rashies. Fair



Bessy Bell I loo'd Yestreen, And



thought I ne'er cou'd alter; But



Mary Gray's twa pawky Een They



gar my Fan----cy falter.

Now *Bessy's* Hair's like a Lint-tap,
 She smiles like a *May* Morning,
 When *Phœbus* starts fro' *Thetis'* Lap,
 The Hills with Rays adorning :
 White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,
 Her Waste and Feet's fou genty,
 With ilka Grace she can command,
 Her Lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* Locks are like a Crow,
 Her Eyes like Diamonds glances,
 She's ay fae clean, redd-up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is ;
 And guides her Airs fae gracefu' still,
 O *Jove!* she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppress us:
Our Fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are sic bonny Lassies:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're stented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

For the FLUTE.



The BATH MEDLEY.

By TONY ASTON.



The Spring's a coming, all Nature is blooming, Each



amorous Lover does Vigour re-co-ver, The Birds are



singing, and Flowers are springing; Here's



Toys to be raffled for, who makes One?

Bliss past Comparisons, at Mr. *Harrison's*;

Dice are ratt'ling, Beaus are pratt'ling,

Ladies walking, and wittily talking;

Madam, the Medley is just begun.



Here's half a Guinea to hear *Nicolini*: Pray



give me a Ticket. Main Seven; I nick it. I'm



go'ing to *Lindsey*, Spa--dil-lio wins ye, I'm



Beasted, by *Jericho*, quite undone.

Bells are jangling, Chair-men rangling,
Cudgelling, Thumping, and Bathing, and Pumping;
The Toil of the Morning, is Dressing, Adorning;
Then hey for the Green, where the Lasses run.

Pray

[*To the First Part of the Tune.*]

Pray, Madam, bespeak, or the Play-house must break;
 We've had a bad Season, and hope, for that Reason,
 You won't see Three, 'fore a whole Company,
 Who can act you to Sleep, though you had the Gout.
 We'll strut you *Cato*, or Speeches of *Plato*;
 Farce, Comedy, Pastoral, we can master all;
 Like Sir *Martin*, we rattle each Part in,
 And never leave 'till the Speech is out.

[*To the Second Part of the Tune.*]

Pray let's wheedle you; damn the Medley;
 Would somebody'd poison him, we'll raise Lies on him.
 Pit, Box, and Gallery 's better than Raillery;
 We're pretty Gentlemen, he's a Lout.
 Thus they teize you, and ne'er can please you
 With Actions improper, so huff it in Copper,
 These Sons of the Garret, that prattle like Parrot,
 And scatter their Calumny all about.

[*To the First Part of the Tune.*]

Here's *Punch* shows at Five, and here's *Craw-fish* alive,
 Some Eastward, some Northward, walk backward and for-
 Whilst others so stingy, Penny-pot it with *Bingey*, [ward;
 And Hey for the Race upon *Clarten* Down;
 Or *Lansdown* airing, and hear Footmen swearing;
 Ingeniously waiting, to see Badger-baiting;
 Dancing, Dangling, Prancing, Angling,
 Each as the Maggot takes his Crown.

[To the Second Part of the Tune.]

Some are Bowling, or hear Eunuchs howling ;
 Some Subscribing, or *Bristol* Milk bibing.
 We've had many sit at my Son's Benefit,
 And be pleas'd to put in for an *Indian* Gown.
 Who'll play at Billiards, as fair as at Stillyards ?
 Here's two *Essex* Calves, Sir; come, I'll go your Halves Sir;
 And then they hole 'em, and pill, and poll 'em.
 And these are the Ways of the Bathing Town.

[To the First Part of the Tune.]

All sorts of Conditions, Cits, Lawyers, Physicians,
 Both Good ones, and Bad ones, and Sober and Sad ones;
 Some to see their old Friends, and for various Ends,
 All galloping hither twice a Year.
 Here's King *Edgar*, and *Coel*; and Puppet-Show *Powel*,
 Three Persons so great, are now quite out of Date.
 Mark the Changes of Things, from Puppets to Kings,
 And what may be one Day the *Medley's* Fare.

[To the Second Part of the Tune.]

Up, up to the Ball, and there you may call
 A Dance by Authority, Parson on *Dorothy*,
Richmond-Wells, or the *Irish* Bells,
 And frisk it about with the Ladies there.
 Then to the *Three Tuns*, the *Queen's Head* or the *Rummer*;
 Adieu ye Fair Ones, 'till *Tunbridge* at Summer.
 Pray, Masters, away, for the Coach cannot stay;
 And you're welcome, Gentlemen, to the Bear.

For the FLUTE.

The Words by Mr. B O O T H.

Set by Mr. T E N O E.



Can then a Look create a Thought, Which



Time can ne'er re---move? Yes, foolish Heart, a-



gain thou'rt caught, Again thou bleed'ft for Love.



She fees the Conquest of her Eyes, Nor heals the



Wounds she gave; She smiles whene'er his



Blushes rise; And, sighing, shuns her Slave.

Then



Then Swain be bold, and still a---dore her, Still her



fly--ing Charms pur--sue; Love and Friendship



both implore her, Pleading Night and Day for you.



The Words by Mr. B O O T H.

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fly--ing Charms pur--sue; Love and Friendship



both implore her, Pleading Night and Day for you.



ROBIN's COMPLAINT.

Set by Mr. GREEN.



Did ever Swain a Nymph a---dore,



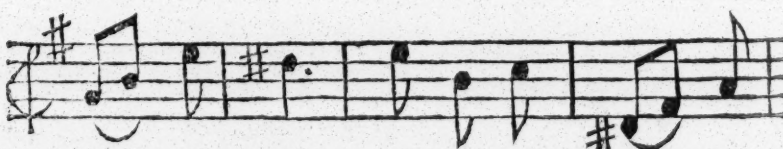
As I un--grate--ful Nan--ny do? Was ever



Shepherd's Heart so fore, -- Or ever broken



Heart so true? My Cheeks are swell'd with



Tears; but She Has never wet a



Check for me.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I stay?

Or linger, when she bid me run?

She only had the Word to say,

And all She wish'd was quickly done.

I always think of her ; but She

Does ne'er bestow a Thought on me.

To let her Cows my Clover taste,

Have I not rose by Break of Day?

Did ever *Nanny's* Heifers fast,

If *Robin* in his Barn had Hay?

Tho' to my Fields they welcome were,

I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever *Nanny* lost a Sheep,

I cheerfully did give her two ;

And I her Lambs did safely keep,

Within my Folds in Frost and Snow :

Have they not there from Cold been free?

But *Nanny* still is cold to me.

When *Nanny* to the Well did come,

'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill ;

Full as they were, I brought them home ;

Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill :

My Back did bear the Sack ; but She

Will never bear the Sight of me.

To *Nanny's* Poultry Oats I gave;
 I'm sure, they always had the best:
 Within this Week her Pidgeons have
 Eat up a Peck of Pease, at least.
 Her little Pidgeons kifs; but She
 Will never take a Kifs from me.

Must *Robin* always *Nanny* wooe,
 And *Nanny* still on *Robin* frown?
 Alas, poor Wretch! what shall I do,
 If *Nanny* does not love me soon?
 If no Relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her Apron-string.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why,
 So very kind, and yet so shy?
 Why does that cold forbidding Air
 Give Damps of Sorrow and Despair?
 Or why that Smile my Soul subdue,
 And kindle up my Flames anew?

In vain you strive with all your Art,
 By Turns to freeze, and fire, my Heart:

When

When I behold a Face so fair,
So sweet a Look, so soft an Air,
My ravish'd Soul is charm'd all o'er;
I cannot love thee less, nor more.

For the F L U T E.



C E L I A *in a Jessamine Bower.*

When the bright God of Day Drove to



Westward his Ray, And the Evening was



charming and clear; The Swallows a-



main Nimbly skim o'er the Plain, And our



Shadows like Giants ap---pear :

In a Jessamine Bow'r,
 (When the Bean was in Flow'r,
 And Zephyrs breath'd Odours around)
 Lov'd *Celia* she sat,
 With her Song, and Spinnet,
 And she charm'd all the Grove with her Sound.

Rosy

Rosy Bowers, she sung,
 Whilst the Harmony rung,
 And the Birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
 The industrious Bees,
 From the Flowers and Trees,
 Gently hum with their Sweets to their Hive.

The gay God of Love,
 As he flew o'er the Grove
 By Zephyrs conducted along,
 As she touch'd on the Strings,
 He beat Time with his Wings,
 Whilst Echo repeated the Song.

O ye Mortals, beware
 How ye venture too near;
 Love doubly is armed to wound:
 Your Fate you can't shun,
 For you're surely undone,
 If you rashly approach near the Sound.

For the FLUTE.



C L I M E N E.



Oh Fate, must I---- my Hopes re--sign?



And will *Cli--me-ne* ne'er be mine? Why do her



Charms my Soul fur---prize? Why does her



Beauty wound my Eyes? Each Look and



Mo---tion all di---vine! Each Grace does



with--- such Lu---stre shine!

In vain I strove her Charms to shun,
I found I lov'd, and was undone;

I strove to fly, but all in vain ;
My Passion drove me back again.
From those bright Eyes I ne'er can part ;
I wear her Image in my Heart.

For the FLUTE.



The End of the First Volume.

BOL

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